

## Poems

By  
RITUPARNA DUTTA\*

Oh !my honor so importante to the state you see,  
Prohibited me to play indeed :  
It's a 'man's game,my lady ',  
the hegimony snapped at me '  
So what is it worthy of you!  
You have hips so immense,  
Strong enough to bear a child!

I remember :  
Oma grumbling:  
Why you playing with the boys'.  
Don't you forget:  
du bist eine Frau'.  
Come with me now:  
Help me dry the rags outside'.

Mutter seemed to remind me:  
Your grandma cried unabated'.  
Oh! A girl !No, A girl!  
God,Is this the price?  
Must be for the sins committed ,  
You Fotze !  
The sob grew :

I befriended a sweet dame:  
Ah!Those cheeks so rosy:  
Those eyes like glistening gold'.  
Her pink chapped lips:  
How it chirped, day long:

I loved her so much!

It's been a long time I saw her'.  
The last time I meet :  
Her fair skin turned pale'.  
She told me:  
'I don't know :  
How would we meet again'.  
I am going to Arbeitsdorf.  
Vater is coming with me too'.  
And this is how:  
Our love ended'.

Now I am yoked to this man:  
He was sweet before:  
Until I gave birth to her'.  
He beats me with a stick.  
All he cries unabated:  
Oh! A girl !No, A girl!  
God,Is this the price?  
Must be for the sins committed ,  
You Fotze !  
The sob grew:

And now I know:  
Oh !my honor so importante to the state you see'.

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I haven't thought much for so long.  
How you used to say:  
"I am too busy to be free".  
That navy blue sweater-  
It touched my skin.  
No! It touched my senses-  
And how! that odour gives me a rush.  
.Maybe my love -  
Wasn't it good enough for you?  
Surely negotiated with my worth.

Oh! Why am I so tired to be thy mistress'.  
Did I ask for much?  
Only a happy home!  
How I see you sitting on the wooden chair, Watching pleasantly:  
The children laughing'.  
Running in the meadows:  
I am cooking steaks for you'.  
Oh how my imagination runs wild sometimes!

Aye! do you remember how we used to slip away, To the other side of your  
balcony.  
Under the beautiful moon,  
When you cluded me,  
Unto your glistening chest.  
Ah! How do I forget that feeling'.  
Oh! Why do I remember that embrace'.  
But I never understood:  
Why you could not behold that gaze for long:  
Did my passion scare you?  
Or did the sinful started to eat thy spirit'.

And now I stand,  
Under the same golf ball,  
Flashing my lighter:

To my comforting Malboro,  
Recollecting these memories:  
Smirking at those echoing reminiscence.  
Aye No, I am not quite putting my finger on you ' . You aren't the Ben from  
Twin Peaks.  
But your warmth:  
Was it a disguise?  
Or the blissful facade,  
I thought as love.'

Today I make thy immortal-  
My words blotted on these pages with blue'.  
I still think about your happiness though:  
Don't you worry-  
I won't come back to thee.  
But your memories:  
Ah! so haunting it is',so haunting it is'.  
My unrequited yearn :  
So Maddening it is',So Maddening it is'.

\*I am Rituparna Dutta, a resident of India from the state Jharkhand and belonging to the city, Jamshedpur. I happen to complete my graduation in English literature from St. Xavier's College, Ranchi and I am currently pursuing my Post Graduation in the same. I also happen to work for the tribals of Jharkhand, lending a hand to the underprivileged.